NUMB. CVI.

The GUARDIAN.

Quod latet in tacitâ non Enarrabile fibrâ. Perſ.

Monday, July 13. 1713.

AS I was making up my *Monday*'s Proviſiõn for the Publick, I received the following Letter, which being a better Entertainment than any I can furniſh out my ſelf, I ſhall ſet it before the Reader, and deſire him to fall on without further Ceremony.

SIR,

'YOUR two Kinſmen and Predeceſſors of Im-
'mortal Memory, were very famous for
'their Dreams and Viſions, and contrary to all
'other Authors never pleaſed their Readers more
'than when they were Nodding. Now it is ob-
'ſerved, that the *Second-ſight* generally runs in the
'Blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you your-
'ſelf, like the reſt of your Family, may at length
'prove a Dreamer of Dreams, and a Seer of Viſions.
'In the mean while I beg leave to make you a
'Preſent of a Dream, which may ſerve to lull your
'Readers till ſuch time as you your ſelf ſhall think
'fit to gratifie the Publick with any of your Noctur-
'nal Diſcoveries.

'You muſt underſtand, Sir, I had Yeſterday
'been reading and ruminating upon that Paſſage
'where *Momus* is ſaid to have found Fault with
'the Make of a Man, becauſe he had not a Win-
'dow in his Breaſt. The Moral of this Story is
'very obvious, and means no more than that the
'Heart of Man is ſo full of Wiles and Artifices,
'Treachery and Deceit, that there is no gueſſing
'at what he is from his Speeches and outward Ap-
'pearance. I was immediately reflecting how
'happy each of the Sexes would be, if there was a
'Window in the Breaſt of every one that makes
'or receives Love. What Proteſtations and Per-
'juries would be ſaved on the one Side, what
'Hypocriſie and Diſſimulation on the other? I am
'my ſelf very far gone in this Paſſion for *Aurelia*,
'a Woman of an unſearchable Heart. I would
'give the World to know the Secrets of it,
'and particularly whether I am really in her
'good Graces, or if not, who is the happy Per-
'ſon.

'I fell aſleep in this agreeable Reverie, when on
'a ſudden methought *Aurelia* lay by my Side. I
'was placed by her in the Poſture of *Milton's Adam*,
'and *with Looks of Cordial Love hung over her ena-*
'mour'd. As I caſt my Eye upon her Boſom, it
'appeared to be all of Chryſtal, and ſo wonderfully
'tranſparent, that I ſaw every Thought in her
'Heart. The firſt Images I diſcovered in it were
'Fans, Silks, Ribbonds, Laces, and many other
'Gewgaws, which lay ſo thick together, that the
'whole Heart was nothing elſe but a Toy-ſhop.

'Theſe

(Price Two Pence.)

'These all faded away and vaniſhed, when immediately I diſcerned a long Train of Coaches and ſix, Equipages and Liveries that ran through the Heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an Hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I obſerved the whole ſpace to be filled with a Hand of Cards, in which I could ſee diſtinctly three Mattadors. There then followed a quick Succeſſion of different Scenes. A Play-houſe, a Church, a Court, a Poppet-ſhow, roſe up one after another, till at laſt they all of them gave Place to a Pair of new Shoes, which kept footing in the Heart for a whole Hour. These were driven off at laſt by a Lap-dog, who was ſucceeded by a *Guiney* Pig, a Squirril and a Monky. I my ſelf, to my no ſmall Joy, brought up the Rear of theſe worthy Favourites. I was raviſhed at being ſo happily poſted and in full Poſſeſſion of the Heart: But as I ſaw the little Figure of my ſelf Simpering, and mightily pleaſed with its Situation, on a ſudden the Heart methought gave a Sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little Repreſentative vaniſhed; for upon applying my Eye I found my Place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward Puppy with a Mony-bag under each Arm. This Gentleman, however, did not keep his Station long before he yeilded it up to a Wight as diſagreeable as himſelf, with a white Stick in his Hand. These three laſt Figures repreſented to me in a lively manner the Conflicts in *Aurelia*'s Heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we juſtled one another out by Turns, and diſputed the Poſt for a great while. But at laſt, to my unſpeakable Satisfaction, I ſaw my ſelf entirely ſettled in it. I was ſo tranſported with my Succeſs, that I could not forbear hugging my dear Piece of Chryſtal, when to my unſpeakable Mortification I awaked, and found my Miſtreſs metamorphoſed into a Pillow.

'This is not the firſt time I have been thus diſappointed.

'O Venerable NESTOR, if you have any Skill in Dreams, let me know whether I have the ſame Place in the real Heart, that I had in the Viſionary one: To tell you truly, I am perplexed to Death between Hope and Fear. I was very Sanguine till 11 a-Clock this Morning, when I over-heard an unlucky old Woman telling her Neighbour that Dreams always went by Contraries. I did not indeed before, much like the Chryſtal Heart, remembring that confounded Simile in *Valentinian* of a Maid *as cold as Chryſtal never to be Thaw'd*. Beſides I verily believe if I had ſlept a little longer that awkward Whelp with his Mony Bags would certainly have made his ſecond Entrance. If you can tell the fair one's Mind, it will be no ſmall proof of your Art, for I dare ſay it is more than ſhe her ſelf can do. Every Sentence ſhe ſpeaks is a Riddle, all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and,

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.

This Paper is to be had of Mr. Yemes *under the* Thatch'd-houſe *Tavern in St.* James's-ſtreet; *Mrs.* Bond *at* Charing-croſs; *Mrs.* Bolter *and Mrs.* Dodd *near the* Temple-gate; *and Mr.* Round *in* Exchange-Ally.

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LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.